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HAPJES of Friends, Rivals, Crushes, Idols and Lovers of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts Antwerp

HAPJES is a student publication, its purpose is to exhibit student work in a printed matter; to both promote, create exposure and to archive. HAPJES are shared within the framework of a communal network. The submissions are to be 'hapjes', small bites of student work. They come from the student body, but with a twist: the students submit each other's work.

How To

As a student you could play two roles:

One, of a submittee: the submittee chose a fellow student's work, and filled out a template to submit the artwork.

Two, of the submitted: this is the student whose artwork has been chosen by the submittee and whose work has been submitted with a template.

Steps followed:

1. Work to submit picked.
2. Dialogue started.
3. A template filled out together
— digitally or manually.
4. Completed template and the documentation of the work sent to **hapjes@ap.be**

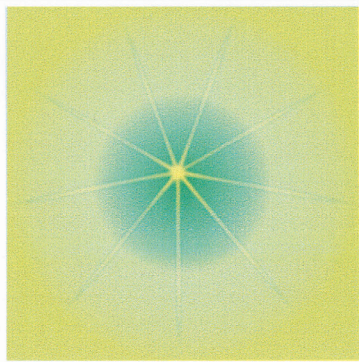
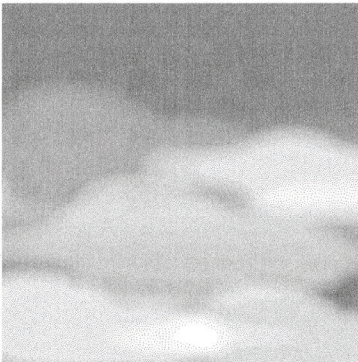
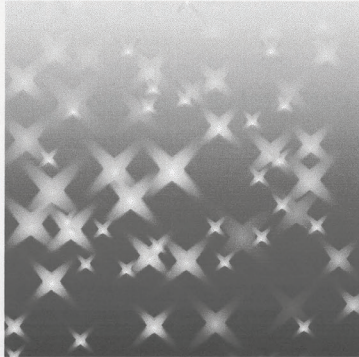
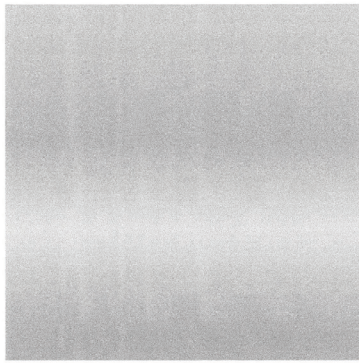
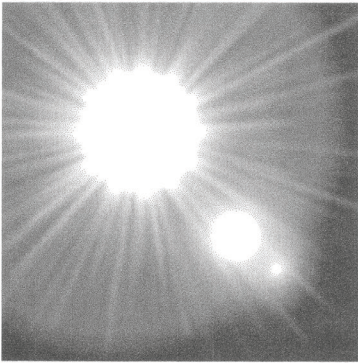
Angela Xu

she/her
@qiaoyiornotqiaoyi

To Galileo Galilei and Jupiter
Experiments with a homeprinter, A4

Small Bite of Angela's Bio
She's born, still thinking about
what to do after.

Note from Friend, Crush, Idol, Lover or Rival
This is my favorite rival.



Damien Troadec

he/him
@damien.troadec

GET STUFFED

Text and Moving images, 20 min, text is an extract from an 80 pages thesis

Small Bite of Damien's Bio

Damien was born in Paris, France. Graduated from Fine Arts department of Gerrit Rietveld Academie in Amsterdam in 2020. Now he is doing his master at In Situ department.

Note from Crush, Idol, Friend, Rival or Lover

Through the use of metaphors and analogies, interpreting and documenting memories as much as visions, the project "GET STUFFED" focuses on the liminal space between a hunter and his prey.

(...)

H: As I remember this story from my past I go further into the forest, holding today not a camera as I used to but a rifle. Because what I learned from this memory I was mentioning earlier was that I lost. Lost but never paid the price or full punishment. And I certainly do not want this to happen again. It simply cannot. For an instant, I close my eyes and focus on the sound of the forest. The friction of the branches together as well as my feet against the ground is like a melody to my ears. They produce within my body both a sensation of safety and insecurity. I stop for a while.

P: He is here.

H: I am making one step forwards

P: I smell him

H: As I am continuing my walk in the wood, I feel lonely. And I certainly am. Which represents the perfect condition. Silence. An exercise of force is about to happen in the most depressive environment. In a way, it is about which one will survive longer within the sadness and heaviness of the place. Who is strong enough? It is about endurance. Will it be me? It has to be! The pressure that keeps coming to my mind, or that I keep indulging in myself is making me dizzy. Yes, I am sick of myself. Disoriented, Disfigured, and soon dead.

(...)

H: I keep hearing this voice. But I am not sure where it is coming from anymore. It is just really close. Too close. It frightens me. That beast does seem to be in me in some kind of way. So. The vision of horror. I am alone. No, I refuse to believe so. I close my eyes for a while. My fist is tensed. I opened them again. I see myself in front of me for the second time.

P: More?

H: Who are we? Are we just a memory?

P: I am.

H: The confusion is making me weak. I am about to faint, to explode. Yet I feel inflamed. The desire is at its climax.

P: I am approaching myself.

H: He is coming closer.

P: And closer.

H: Our faces are around ten centimeters from each other.

P: I am breathing loudly.

H: I cannot breathe. The space between our faces appears as a third world. An entire universe is condensappearse in those ten centimeters. A land of mistrust. A world of paranoia. A space that asks for a revolution. A crisis.

P: I am bringing my arms around him. He is warm.

H: I am hugging something dead, or in a state of decay. But again that weird third entity in between our two bodies. I cannot grab it. Yet I want that feeling to last forever.

P: I approach my lips to his lips and imprisoned his neck in between my two claws.

H: We mutually kiss. It feels very equal as well as controversial. Since I am alone.

P: I am not existing.

H: That is pretty seductive, or truly depressive. I still do not know.

(...)

H: Out of nowhere I am barking

P: What is he doing? Mocking me? That is a bit ridiculous, but it also grasps me in a way that I find pretty hard to resist.

H: Another time: WOOF!

P: I find this moment very erotic. The darkness of the wood has become more of a synonym for desire than depression. The atmosphere is the same but I feel some changes within myself. I am either afraid or secure. It is always quite hard for me to separate them. I feel balanced actually. Ready to confront my hunter and jump straight toward his weapon. And bite his tongue.

H: Still on the ground, I am putting back my binocular on top of my rifle, my finger on the trigger. And I feel ready. Ready to look. Ready to shoot. Looking through the binocular and holding an object with my other hand made me think about holding a camera. Cause in the end. The killing or photographing is quite similar. They are both processes that impact the environment and result in freezing in time the ephemeral. The alive. Hunting images, killing moments, chasing characters, hurting reality, all these expressions

bring together opposite yet connected worlds. The one of love and creation with the one of hate with destruction. As I am about to kill, I realised that I am relying on similar senses and processes to photographic ones. Is taking a picture or filming something, someone an act of savagery? By the way, my finger will activate the trigger, exactly like it would activate the button of a camera and register elements, a certain epiphany is growing in me. An excess of control.

P: I am just waiting for him to find me.

H: I am just waiting.

P: I am just waiting for him to shoot me.

H: I cannot tell anymore where my prey is. I got confused by the marks on the ground and I am deciding to start walking in a different direction. With a certain hope to continue playing with my victim. A psychopath's tendency. I would not say no.

P: More than a game it is a dance. A conflict. Of interest. Or maybe our enjoyments are similar. Victim-Assailant. We both agreed on that dynamic. But who is who?

(...)



Power dynamics are in
constant switch, blurring the
border between dominant
and dominated, love and hate.
Kissing equals killing.

Nora Sacré

she/her
@norasacre

Pillow n°2, “to do”

Quilted fabric with silk ribbon, metal pendant and bamboo handle {scrap materials},
430x210mm





Why doesn't one simply do? Is it so that one needs to start before one can do? In what way should one start? How can one generate a faster outcome, either by starting or rather by doing in earlier stages? Is it the starting or the doing that should be stimulated? I will think out loud about these questions, you may think with me.

I like to believe in the doing of things. Doing in the sense that action brings outcome, any outcome. Usually I find my brain to be a brewery of concepts, merely thoughts, about things I believe I want to do yet rarely do that very instant.

I wonder why that act of postponing is such a present aspect in our society and way of living in general. Why is it not the obvious thing to instantly do the things you cook up inside your head? The manifesting is postponed, why? Maybe because it might lead to a particular messy outcome, maybe because it's too little thought through. Maybe if everyone would just do, then rest and order would be lost. But is that at the same time not the beauty of it all?

There might actually be no point in waiting before doing. Why would one wait and what would one wait for? Waiting equals time passing by - I won't phrase it as 'losing time' necessarily, I believe waiting can be useful in some scenarios - while that very time is valuable for doing the things that tickle your brain, things that bring you fulfilment and satisfaction therefore great joy. Waiting in this case is not successful to reach one's goals.

I believe the urge of starting is a significant aspect in getting things done - not per se faster, just done. It is not the doing that should be sped up, but the starting. To start doing is often something that takes a while which stands opposite of what the actual meaning of the phrase is. I think one could say that 'to start doing' can almost be considered as an exercise to be trained in order for the individual to get started with their doing in earlier stages. Essentially exercise to starting sooner. Once reached, this will bring a rewarding feeling I believe.



Small Bite of Nora's Bio

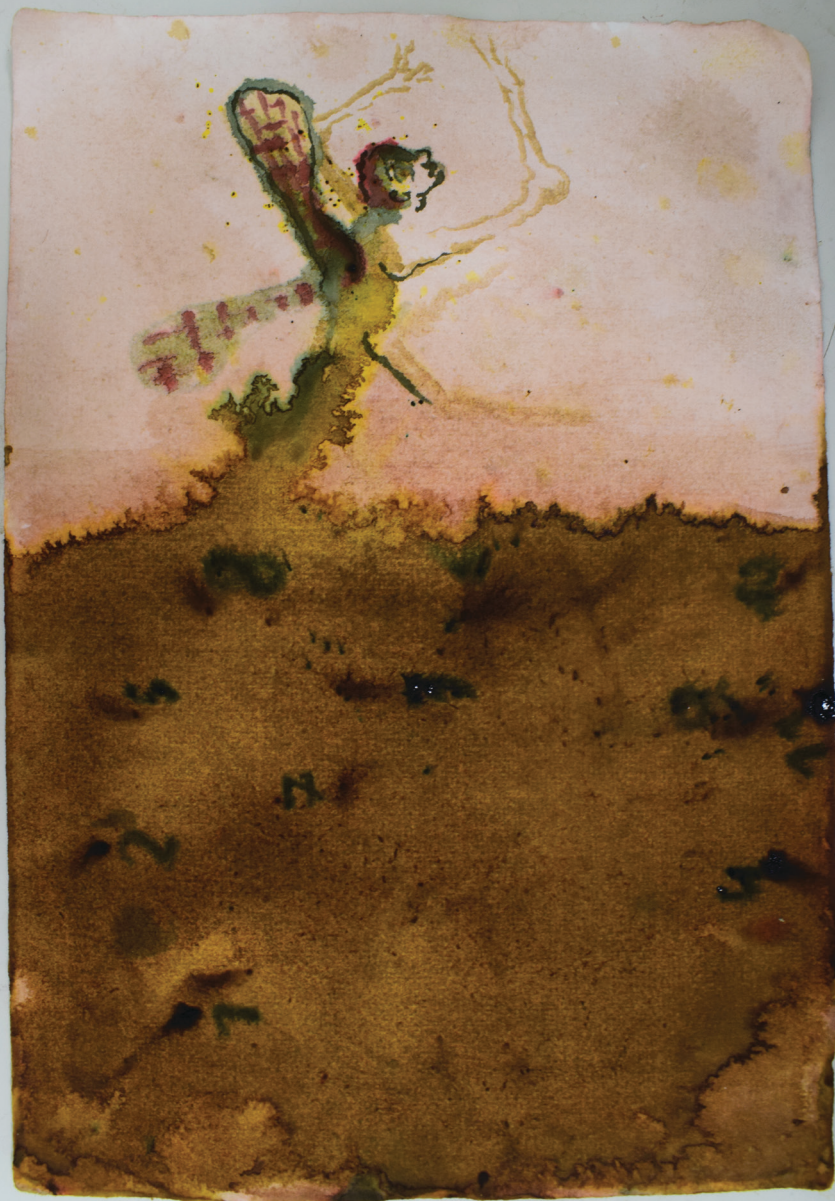
BA2 graphic design student. Into lace, ribbons, narutomaki, Franz Kafka, coffee, soldered things, romantic lettering and the color pink.

Note from Crush, Idol, Friend, Rival or Lover

Nora's work may be described as curious and foggy where different materials hold a philosophical dialogue in many languages all wrapped up in a pink shell.

Billy Andriessens

The Night Hag



Moo Jespers

she/her

@moo_atelier_jespers

Untitled

Oil on canvas

Small Bite of Moo's Bio

She envies the honesty of children's drawings.

Note from Idol, Rival, Lover, Crush or Friend

Moo creates daring, colourful, naive in the best way work that inspires me.



Rosa Westhaus

she/her
@mouthrose

A Clip that is a Bookmark that is a Binding that is a Bibliography
9,5 x 26 cm

A Spiral that is a Bookmark that is a Binding that is a Bibliography
20,5 x 21 cm

IF I CAN'T DANCE

wants to express its appreciation for their courage in engaging with this project's experimental curatorial approach. We would like to thank especially the directors Ann Demeester (de Appel arts centre), Yvonne Franquinet (Huis & Festival old Werf) and Bart De Baere (M HKA) for their participation in this exciting project and their sometimes unpredictable route. We also would like to thank the staff of partner-institutions, who passed the test of a 'pilgrimage' with verve! In particular, we would like to thank Nell Donkers, archivist and Grant Watson, Appel arts centre, for her invaluable assistance in excavating de Appel's archive, and an important discussion partner in the creation of the project as a whole.

Individual episodes were sometimes organised in collaboration with other local platforms and we would like to thank these and our specific contacts for their commitment. In Amsterdam: de Halle and Ellen Walraven, curator; Stedelijk Museum and Jelle Bouwmeester, director; Cason, Office and Maxine Kopsa, guest curator of the acquisitions exhibition *Just in Time*. In Utrecht: Cason, Office for Art, Design and Theory and Emily Petlicka, director. In Antwerp: M HKA Media and Edwin Carels, curator; bolwerk and Marthe Van Dessel, initiator of *Video Speakers Corner*. *Feminist Legacies and Potentials in Contemporary Art Practice* was co-produced by de Appel arts centre, Huis & Festival old Werf and the



Small Bite of Rosa's Bio

Rosa is interested in how information as text and the matter it is carried on can shake hands, complicate each other, create new context or elongate their meanings. By addressing possibilities of reading and thus perception, she hopes to challenge the understanding thereof. She grew up in Hamburg, Germany and lives in Antwerp.

Note from Idol, Rival, Lover, Crush or Friend

Rosa's work and approach to it is very inspiring to me. She consistently strives to find the best ways to execute her ideas, always experimenting with new materials and searching for new inspiration everywhere. Her willingness to continually evaluate and question her own work really shows her determination to improve and succeed.

Pauliina Tervonen

she/her
@outi_pauliina_

Intermezzo: Vallisaari trilogy

Inkjet print on recycled paper, 3xA5 paper books + a laser cut cover

Small Bite of Pauliina's Bio
(1993, Finland)

OP.

I

OVERTURE

OP.

II

INTERMEZZO

OP.

III

POSTLUDE

Sofia Hermens Fernandez

she/her

@sofiahermensfernandez

painters of the light 2022

Collection of seven looks





Small Bite of Sofia's Bio
Bachelor graduate Fashion Department
2022, German/Spanish/Dutch.

Note from Idol, Rival, Lover, Crush or Friend
Sofia's collection plays with female
empowerment in connection to nature.

Thibaut Smet

he/him
@thibaut_smt

De Vier Voornaamste Punten

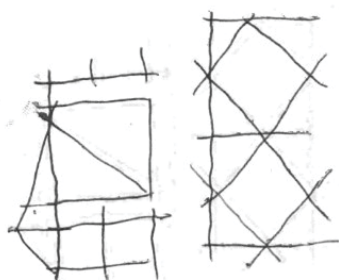
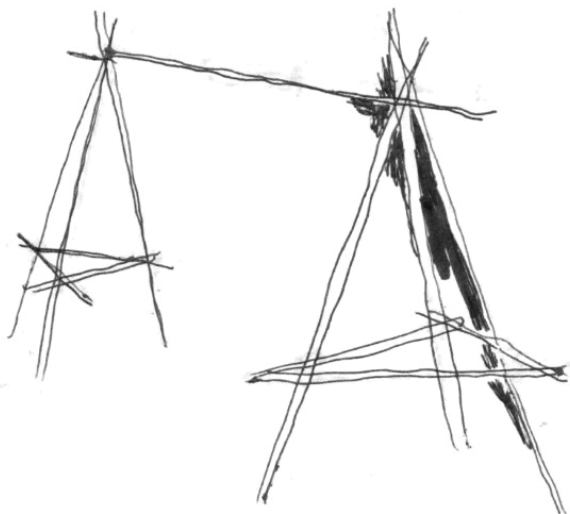
Pen, marker on paper, A4

Small Bite of Thibaut's Bio

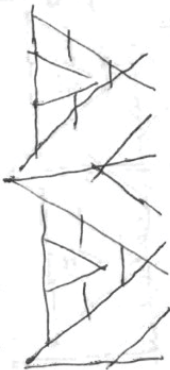
Een jongeman gegrepen door doel.

Note from Idol, Rival, Lover, Crush or Friend

Thibaut is my handsome talented lover.



PARALLRINCON
DEPATRULLA



Adrianna Chlebicka

she/her
@chlebickadrianna

no title
Inkjet print, A5

Small Bite of Adrianna's Bio
Studies BA1 Photography, previously
studied interior design.

Note from Idol, Rival, Lover, Crush or Friend
Adrianna's work is a poetic approach to
think about lines and shapes.



Matthias Hellemans

he/him

WALL

Charcoal on painted wall, not large enough

WE ARE INCIDENTS OF LIGHT

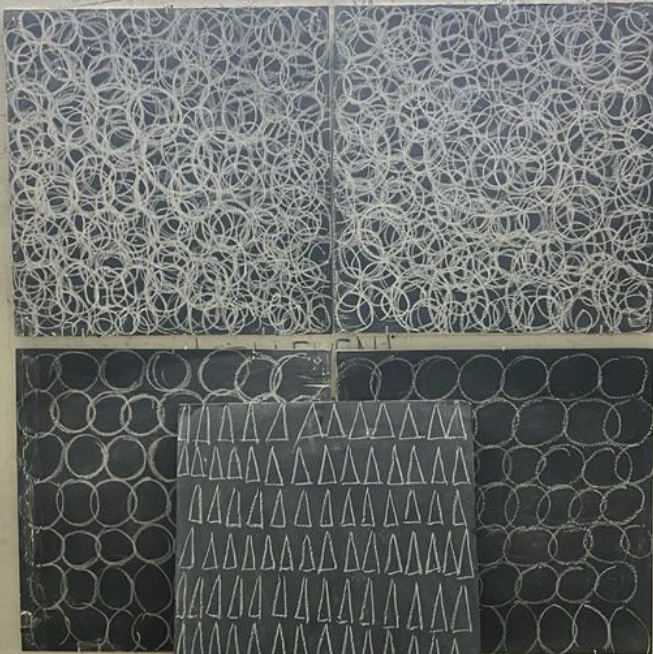
FORGET THE MATERIAL
THE MATERIAL DOES NOT EXIST

(Hand that signs
in language)

LET TO EXPRESS
SCREEN

CANTOR R
COLLECT VERTALS
ESSECE

DE-STRUCTURE
VIA-STRUCTURE
VIA-STRUCTURE



WE ARE INCIDENTS OF LIGHT

FORGET THE MATERIAL
THE MATERIAL DOES NOT EXIST

(Ik wil bloot zijn
en beginnen)
TRIE
LAK VAN DE LIJN
ESSENTIE

PROBEREN
ZETTEN

LAGEN

STRUCTURAL TO EXPRESS
STABILISEREN
TRANSPARANTIE

CONTEUR
ISOLEERT VOET ALS
ESSENTIE

KORSTEN
SCRAPPEN

het vastleggen
BESTAAN

EXPERIMENT
OPRECHTHEID
AUTHENTICITEIT

VERLOREN
FINOUD

(MET ECITE)

ik wil juist juist anders

MOBILITEIT

STILLEVEN

Small Bite of Matthias' Bio

I breathe. I think. I eat. I sleep.
I walk around. I'm lucky.

Note from Crush, Idol, Friend, Rival or Lover

Abracadabra
(I create as I speak)

Tobias Wendt

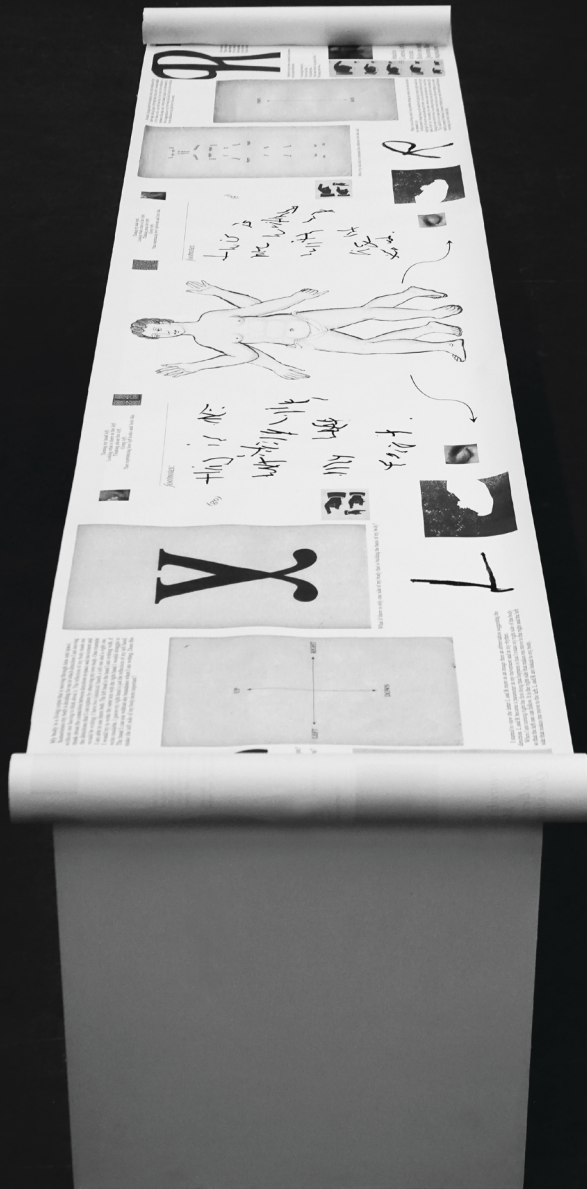
he/they
@wendtobias

LR paper roll 2022

Paper on wooden block, 200cm x 42cm

Small Bite of Tobias' Bio
hands, cava, b&w imagery.

Note from Crush, Idol, Friend, Rival or Lover
graphical with a poetic touch.



Natálie Colledani

she/her
@nanycolledani

Untitled

Inkjet print on recycled paper, A3

Small Bite of Natálie's Bio
My morbid trash-doll
subculture universe.

Note from Friend, Crush, Idol, Lover or Rival
Nancy filters the world around
her and creates a new one one
through her art work.<3



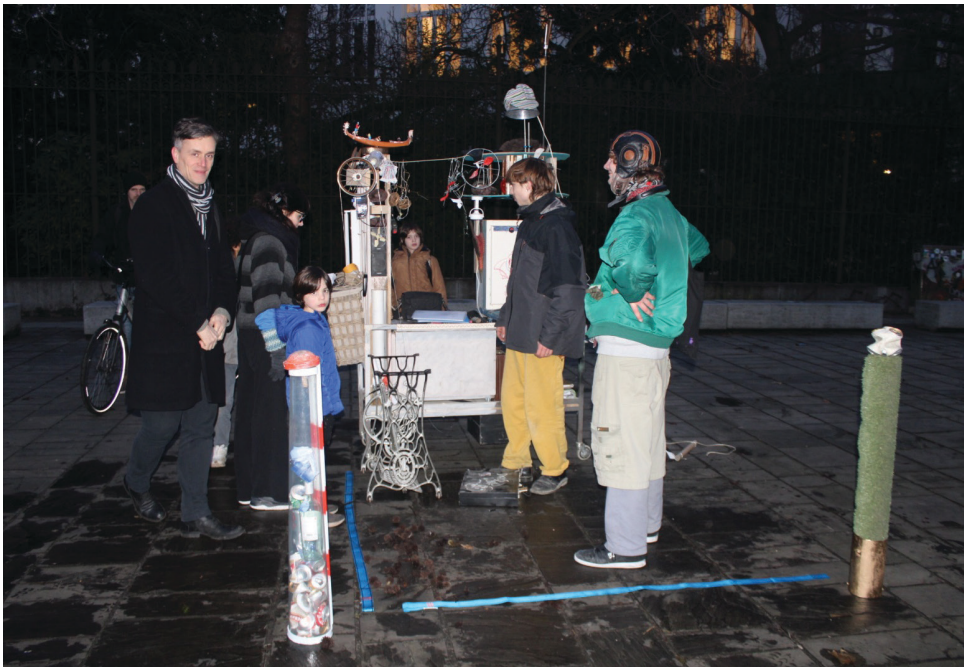
Dries Willems

he/him
@droes_world

Working station

Found objects, mechanisms, the station is appr. 2000 x 1500 mm





Small Bite of Dries' Bio

By finding his material on the street, Dries composes objects and parts into new works – with new functions and aesthetics different from where they originate. This working station was made on wheel so it could be moved outside the atelier space, to then be exposed to people on the street. Dries got visits who gave a crash course in painting ! They had fun !! Stay tuned to enjoy the nextc piece on wheels, yo !

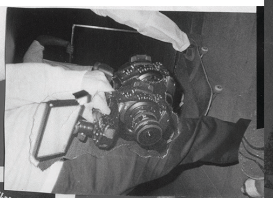
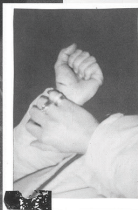
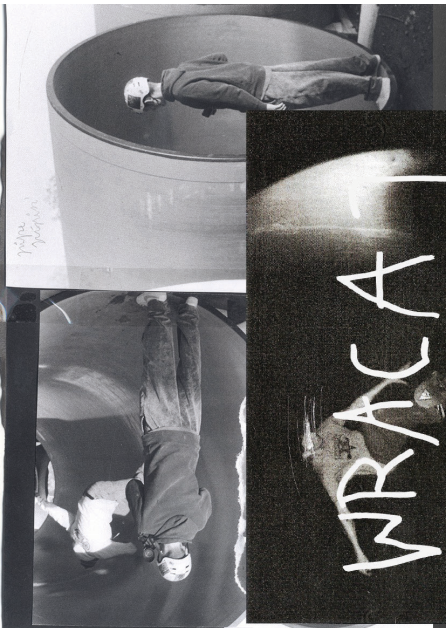
Note from Crush, Idol, Friend, Rival or Lover

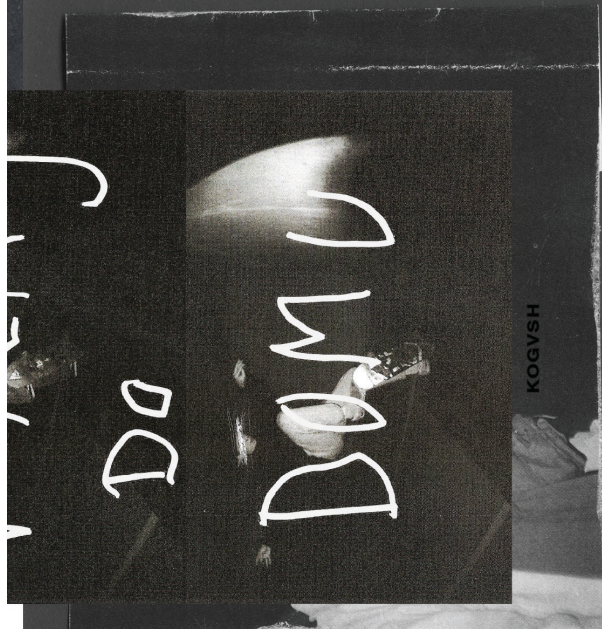
I choose to submit Dries because of his way of using material and objects, and I choose to submit Dries because his way of using materials and object. By finding things on the street he re-composes theese into new works. They roll, they move, they are funnney !!

Klaudia Bogusz

she/her
@kogvsh

Wracaj do domu
Paper, sweat, stitches, A4





27,56



Small Bite of Klaudia's Bio

Photo documentarian focusing on mixing reality with destructive fantasy. Born and raised in Poland, based in Belgium. 21 y.o.

Capturing skate and street scene, experimenting with analogue techniques. :)

Note from Crush, Idol, Friend, Rival or Lover

In Klaudia's work I enjoy the way she layers photos with various materials, going through, and back and forth between different stages of digital and analog editing and manipulating of the work. As materials she uses whatever seems accessible at the moment which makes the work seem spontaneous and impulsive.

Doina Mindrean

she/her
@mindreand

'her'

Oil on canvas, 30cm x 25cm

Small Bite of Doina's Bio
(2000, Moldova)

Note from Crush, Idol, Friend, Rival or Lover

Through her practise Doina has created an individual expressive style that is deeply impressive in its austerity, stillness, and intensity, and at the same time is imbued with strength and sensitivity.



Cecile Taylor

she/her
@ceciletaylor99

Pencil's

Wood, metal, bamboo, wax crayon, varying sizes approx 10–30 cm

Small Bite of Cecile's Bio

Cecile Taylor Born in London (1999). Started Studying Costume design at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts Antwerp (2018).

Note from Crush, Idol, Friend, Rival or Lover

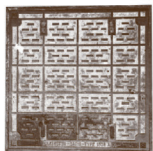
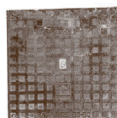
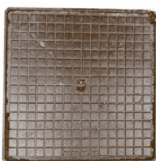
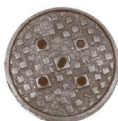
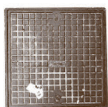
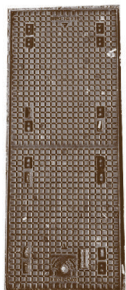
Cecile Taylor is a costume design student whose practice focuses on creating performances, installations and interactive works that can connect her and the audience through dialogue as well as bring the viewers together. Her Masters is a focus on the act of construction and the performative aspects around these common and universal themes. Working with reappropriated tools, hand made tools and construction material she is building her "house".



Anna Sarkisova

she/her
@chernovi.k

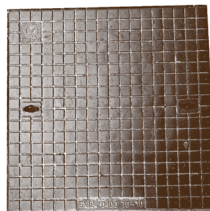
A report that contains a collection...
Paper, A4



A little later they entered another hall, large but so low that Alyosha could touch the ceiling. This hall was lit by the small candles he had seen in his room, but the candlesticks were gold, instead of silver.



While he was examining everything curiously, a side door, which he had not noticed before, opened and in came a lot of tiny people, about a foot tall, in splendid clothes. They looked most impressive: judging by their attire, some were military men, others public officials.



All of them wore round feathered hats that looked Spanish. They did not notice Alyosha, and promenaded solemnly up and down the rooms, talking loudly among themselves, but he could not understand what they were saying. He watched them in silence for a long time and was about to go up and ask one of them a question, when the big door at the end of the hall opened... Everyone fell silent, lined up in double file by the walls and took off their hats.

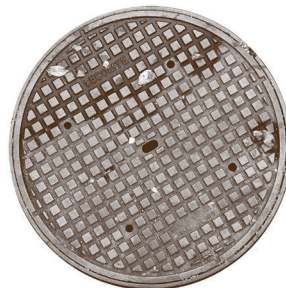
20

21

In an instant the room grew brighter, the small candles burned brighter still, and Alyosha saw twenty small knights in gold armour, with crimson-plumed helmets, march quietly into the hall in pairs. They stood on either side of the chair in



silence. A little later a man with regal bearing and a crown shining with precious stones on his head came into the hall. He wore a light-green mantle lined with mouse fur with a long train carried by twenty small pages in crimson suits. Alyosha realised that this must be the king. He gave him a low bow. The King responded to his bow most graciously and sat down on the gold chair. Then he gave an order to one of the knights standing by him, who came up to Alyosha and told him to approach the chair. Alyosha obeyed.



22

23

Small Bite of Anna's Bio

Anna shows interest in the topics of literature, drama and linguistics.

Note from Crush, Idol, Friend, Rival or Lover

An expression of love to hatchways in Antwerp placed in a fairy tale context.

Erisa Bakalli

she/they
@Erisabakalli

For Sale

I licked Twombly's Tomb: The Balkanization of images or underscoring the dangers
acrimonious secessionism in imagery.

Paper, A4 magazine

FOR SALE .

MARX 2.0



**I LICKED TWOMBLY'S TOMB: THE BALKANIZATION OF
IMAGES OR UNDERSCORING THE DANGERS OF
ACRIMONIOUS SECESSIONISM IN IMAGERY**

As far as I remember, since early childhood, I have been conscious of the fact that images exist. They are there and they do speak to me. They are conceived by my fellow human beings, consciously or not, or they are composed by my own playful mind and eyes. And on top of this, the observed images transmit a message. In a way images are a red thread that connect my past, my present and perhaps my future. My origins in the Balkans are connected with Western Europe. Childhood with adulthood.

By observing them and merely by the fact that I am constantly aware of their presence I have build this 'conservative' view of daily life. Images form an endless, non hierarchical continuum, independent of time and space. The result of the determination of this process you will find in the book.

Images are able to convey a permanent déjà-vu so to say. A fragment of street graffiti, a particular person in the train, a movement in public space might transport me back and forth in time and space. Like Marcel Proust's senses might evoke of a kind of nostalgia. But Proust is tangled up in late nineteenth century aestheticism whilst I want to convey a sense of the social-economic realm we live in. A meet-up between Jannis Kounellis and Jeff Wall so to say.

Small Bite of Erisa's Bio

Erisa Bakalli is a 20 year old Albanian/Belgian artist, currently in her second bachelor painting. She occupies herself with images she comes across in her daily life. These images convey a sense of the social economic realm we live in.

Note from Idol, Rival, Lover, Crush or Friend

I want to submit a work that Erisa made, a magazine called "For Sale". The images are smart, and beautifully collaged. The line between reality and digital becomes vague. She does the same thing in her paintings.

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A Student Work Publication

First Edition of the Academic
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